

968/N

4d

O N

# L O V E.

A N

# E L E G Y.

x

1608/1701.



Printed in the Year MDCCXLV;





A N  
E L E G Y, &c.

TOO much my heart of BEAUTY's power  
hath known,  
Too long to LOVE hath REASON left her throne;  
Too long my GENIUS mourn'd his myrtle chain,  
And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.  
My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams, 5  
Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes :  
Thro' each Elysian vale and Fairy grove,  
Thro' all th' enchanted Paradise of LOVE  
Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,  
Averse to action and renouncing fame. 10

AT

At last the visionary scenes decay,  
 My eyes exulting, bless the new born day,  
 Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road  
 In which my heedless feet securely trode,  
 And strip the phantoms of their lying Charms 15  
 That lur'd my soul from wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with  
 flow'rs,  
 For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,  
 Lo ! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,  
 And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods :  
 For openness of heart, for tender smiles, 21  
 Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,  
 Lo ! fullen spight, and perjur'd lust of gain,  
 And cruel pride and crueller disdain.  
 Lo ! cordial faith to ideot airs refin'd, 25

Now



Now coolly civil, now transporting kind,  
 For graceful ease, lo ! affectation walks,  
 And dull half sense, for wit and wisdom talks.  
 New to each hour what low delight succeeds,  
 What precious furniture of hearts and heads ! 30  
 By nought their prudence, but by getting, known ;  
 And all their courage in deceiving shown.

SEE next what PLAGUES attend the LOVER's  
 state,

What frightful forms of TERROR, SCORN and  
 HATE !

See BURNING FURY Heaven and Earth defy ! 35

See DUMB DESPAIR in icy fetters ly !

See BLACK SUSPICION bend his gloomy brow,

The hideous image of himself to view !

And FOND BELIEF with all a lover's flame

Sinks in those arms that point his head with shame !

There

## ( 6 )

There wan DEJECTION, faltering as he goes, 41

In shades and silence vainly seeks repose ;

Musing thro' pathless wilds, consumes the day,

Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.

Here the gay crowd of LUXURY advance, 45

Some touch the lyre, and others urge the 'dance ;

On every head the rosy garland glows,

In every hand the golden goblet flows.

The SYREN views THEM with exulting eyes,

And laughs at bashful VIRTUE as SHE flies. 50

But see behind, where SCORN and WANT appear,

The grave REMONSTRANCE and the witty SNEER

See fell REMORSE in action, prompt to dart

Her snaky poison thro' the conscious heart.

And SLOTH to cancel, with oblivious shame,

The fair memorial of RECORDING FAME.

ARE these delights that one would wish to gain ?

Is

Is this th' Elysium of a sober brain ?

To wait for happiness in female smiles,

Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles, 60

With prayers, with bribes, with lies her pity crave,

Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave ;

To feel, for trifles, a distracting train

Of hopes and terrors equally in vain ;

This hour to tremble, and the next to glow, 65

Can PRIDE, can SENSE, can REASON stoop so  
low ?

When VIRTUE, at an easier price, displays

The sacred wreaths of HONOURABLE PRAISE ;

When WISDOM utters her divine decree,

To laugh at POMPOUS FOLLY, and be free. 70

I BID adieu, then, to these woful scenes ;

I bid adieu to all the sex of queens ;

Adieu to every suffering, simple soul

That

## ( 8 . )

That lets a WOMAN'S WILL his EASE controul.

There laugh, ye witty, and rebuke, ye grave ! 75

For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.

I bid the whining brotherhood be gone.

Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own !

Farewel the female heaven, the female hell ;

To the great GOD OF LOVE a glad farewell. 80

Is this the triumph of THY awful name ?

Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd THY aim,

When first my bosom own'd THY haughty sway,

When thus MINERVA heard THEE, boasting, say,

" Go, MARTIAL MAID, elsewhere THY arts  
employ, 85

" Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.

" Go teach the solemn sons of CARE and AGE,

" The pensive statesman, and the midnight sage ;

" The young with me must other lessons prove,

" YOUTH

" YOUTH calls for PLEASURE, PLEASURE calls  
for LOVE. 90

" Behold his heart THY grave advice despairs,

" Behold I bind him in eternal chains."

ALAS! GREAT LOVE, how idle was the boast!

THY Chains are broken, and THY lessons lost.

THY wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart, 95

And PASSION, REASON forc'd THEE to depart.

BUT wherefore dost THOU linger on THY way?

Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,

When crowds of vassals court THY pleasing yoke,

And countless victims bow them to the stroke? 100

Lo! round THY shrine a thousand youths advance,

Warm with the gentle ardors of romance;

Each longs t' assert THY cause with feats of arms,

And make the world confess DULCINEA's charms.

Ten thousand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,  
 To groves and streams THY tender triumph sound;  
 Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,  
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.  
 But if THY pride such easy honour scorn,  
 If nobler trophies must THY toil adorn,      110  
 Behold yon flow'ry antiquated maid  
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd ;  
 Her shalt THOU bind in THY delightful chains,  
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,  
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,      115  
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

TURN then THY labours to the servile croud,  
 Entice the wary, and controul the proud ;  
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,  
 The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau.      120  
 To bold coquette with fondest passion burn,

The

## ( 11 )

The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn ?  
 And that chief glory of THY pow'r maintain,  
 " To poize ambition in a female brain. "  
 Be these THY triumphs, but no more presume 123  
 That my rebellious heart will yield THEE room.  
 I know THY puny force, THY simple wiles ;  
 I break triumphant thro' THY flimsy toils :  
 I see THY dying lamp's last languid glow,  
 THY arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow. 130  
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,  
 To active SCIENCE and ingenuous FAME :  
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,  
 And lose, with pride, the LOVER in the MAN.

O D E





ODE  
For the Winter Solstice, December

11th, 1740.

I.

NOW to the utmost SOUTHERN goal  
The SUN has trac'd his annual way,  
And backward now prepares to roll,  
And bless the NORTH with earlier day.

Prone on POTOSI's lofty brow,  
Floods of sublimer splendor flow,  
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,  
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,  
The afflicted INDIAN hides his head,  
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

## II.

BUT lo ! on this deserted coast,  
 How faint the light ! how chill the air !  
 Lo ! arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,  
 Fierce WINTER desolates the year.  
 The fields resign their chearful bloom ;  
 No more the breezes breath perfume ;  
 No more the warbling waters roll :  
 Desarts of snow fatigue the eye ;  
 Successive tempests bloat the sky,  
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

## III.

BUT let my drooping GENIUS rise,  
 And hail the SUN's remotest ray :  
 Now, now he climbs the NORTHERN skys,  
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.  
 Then, louder howl the stormy waste,  
 Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,

Yet

Yet brighter hours are on the wing,  
 And FANCY, thro' the WINTRY gloom,  
 Radiant with dews and flow'rs in bloom,  
 Already hails th' emerging SPRING.

## IV.

O FOUNTAIN of the golden day,  
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,  
 How soon, before the VERNAL ray,  
 Should each unkindly damp recede ;  
 How soon each tempest hovering fly,  
 That now, fermenting, loads the sky,  
 Prompt on our heads to burst a main,  
 To rend the forest from the steep,  
 And thund'ring o'er the BALTIC deep,  
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain.

## V.

BUT let not MAN's imperfect views  
 Presume to tax wise NATURE's laws :

'Tis

'Tis his with silent joy to use  
 Th' indulgence of the Sov'reign cause ;  
 Secure that from the whole of things  
 Beauty and Good consummate springs,  
 Beyond what he can reach to know,  
 And that the Providence of heaven  
 Has some peculiar blessing given  
 To each allotted state below.

## VI.

E'N now, how sweet the WINT'RY night  
 Spent with the old illustrious DEAD ;  
 While, by the taper's trembling light,  
 I seem the awful course to tread ;  
 Where chiefs and legislators ly,  
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,  
 With every laurel fresh display'd :  
 While charm'd, I rove in classic song,  
 Or bend to freedom's fearless tongue,  
 Or walk the academic shade. \* \* \* \* \*

